1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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any lapse from virtue on the part of a married woman being, as a rule, summarily punished by the injured husband with death; and her partner in guilt usually shares the same fate. No social odium attaches to the man who thus takes the law into his own hand; on the contrary, such an action is considered highly meritorious. Various stories are current among the Kúrds illustrating such retributory vengeance. One relates how a Kúrd, the captain of some irregular troops employed at Baghdad, hearing of his Kúrmanjí wife's suspected unfaithfulness during his absence, returned secretly to his native town, entered the house by night, and shot dead both her and her lover. Another of these stories describes the murder, by a boy of fifteen, of his stepmother and her partner in guilt during the absence of his father, whom a feud with a neighbouring chief had obliged to removeimprovently to a distance. In both these cases the deed was considered highly meritorious, and its perpetrator treated with every mark of consideration by friends and neighbours. The relatives of the guilty persons made no complaint to the authorities, nor did they manifest any resentment. On the contrary, the crime which had occasioned the murder is so abhorrent to the Kúrdish mind, that the customary visits of condolence were not paid to the families of the dead.

Stories, too, are common of women, both married and unmarried, who have defended their honour by taking the life of their assailant. One of these stories is so thrilling that I will endeavour to reproduce it in brief. A Kúrdish lady was returning, accompanied only by a manservant, to her husband's house from

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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a visit to her parents, who lived a day's journey off. (See On the road this man contrived so many delays that, instead of reaching home before sunset, they were obliged to stop for the night at a lonely and untenanted khan, of evil repute as the resort of robbers and brigands. After stabling the horses, the man came upstairs to the room occupied by his mistress, and approached her with dishonouring proposals. But she, divining his intention, had ready a small knife, which she plunged into his throat as he laid hold of her, and he fell dead. Not daring to close her eyes in that horrible place, she crouched in a corner to await the dawn. About midnight she was startled by hearing the sound of horse's hoofs approaching the khan—for who but a malefactor could arrive there in the dead of night? The newcomer alighted, and appeared to be seeking a stable for his horse, as he was leading it about below. "If he finds our horses," she thought, "I am lost," and again seizing the knife she cut off one of the dead man's arms and flung it from the window at the stranger as he passed below. He, however, still continued to wander backwards and forwards, leading his horse; so the next time he passed she cut off the other arm and threw that also at him. Upon this he cried, "Whosoever ye be, know that I am Dergo of Kiraz,* and I fear ye not!" Oh, joy! It was her husband's voice.

"Dergo!" she called in reply, "It is I, thy Gaurl, come and save me."

The astonished husband and his wife found their way to each other, and mutual explanations followed.

* A town between Bitlis and Van.

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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Not being sure of the day of his wife's return home, he had not been anxious at her non-arrival, but had been spending the evening with a party of friends. A question had arisen regarding his bravery; and, to vindicate it, he had accepted a wager to go alone at midnight to the Ilas Khan, and leave there a token of his visit. He had been searching for a safe place in which to leave this token, unawed by the ghastly missiles hurled at him, as he supposed, by some bandits who had taken up their abode in the khan.

Mr. Rich, when travelling in Kûrdistan, met a girl of the Bulbassi tribe who had killed with a spear a Turk who insulted her. This young Amazon was dressed like a man, and served the chief, Fazullah Effendi, as his faithful henchman, accompanying him on all his expeditions. The women of this tribe are particularly hardy and intrepid. They sometimes take to the road as brigands, and unlucky is the trader or traveller who falls into their hands. For not content with robbing him, they strip him, excite him to make proposals to them, and then punish him for so doing with every species of mild torture which their lively imaginations can suggest, such as pinching, scratching, and scourging with thorns.

In the domestic circle the women are treated as equals by the men, who are most affectionate in their relations with their parents, sisters, and children, and in the character of husbands most considerate, kind, and forbearing. As an illustration of this latter trait, and at the same time of manners generally among the sedentary Kûrds, I cannot do better than give the following charming story.

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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The Pasha's Lesson to his Wife.[1]

Once, and more than once, let us pray Allah that 539
His mercy be on our fathers and on our mothers who bear us!"

In former times the Pashas of Bayazid had no wealth, and were in a state bordering on penury. The revenues of the villages, and the receipts in general, were taken by the *dydas* and the *aghas* of the district, who were rich landowners with many servants and soldiers ready for campaign. The houses of the Pashas were supplied with their daily provisions by each *agha* in turn. The wives of the *dydas* and *aghas* dressed elegantly, and had very costly things, while the Pashas' wives wore very simple clothes. One feast day the wives of the *aghas* and *dydas* came to kiss the hands of the *kanûm* (Pasha's lady). The latter was ashamed of her own appearance, as contrasted with that of her visitors; she was quite put out about it, and got in a very bad temper.

When the Pasha came in the evening into the *haremlik*, he found the *kanûm* looking very glum, and asked her, "What is the matter? why art thou so gloomy?"

The lady replied, "How should I not be upset? To-day being a feast-day, the *aghas'* and *dydas'* wives came to call upon me, splendidly dressed, covered with gold and jewels. In gala dresses, and wearing such magnificent ornaments, they came to kiss my hand! And was it not shameful for me, a

[1] Jaba, *Recueil de Notices et Recits Kourdes*, p. 32.
[2] The common preface to a Kûrdish story.

1: Garrett B-6, 5 (ca. 1850) 1891
MA11 Kurd MA11

by *kondus*, to receive them in this poor guise? It is abominable!"

The Pasha remarked, in reply, that his wife ought to be satisfied, with the high rank she occupied, to leave the pleasures of the toilette to others, and content herself with her position. "All these *agàs*' wives, with their numerous retainers," said he, "are thy very humble servants; that is thy splendour, and it is a sufficient one. All these horsemen are at my orders, ready to march against the enemy; and so, I repeat, greatness consists in having subjects and numerous horsemen to obey one, and not in the possession of gold and rich clothes."

But the *kondus* would not listen to reason; she wanted fine dresses, gold and diamond ornaments.

"To have such things it is necessary to pillage villages," said the Pasha. "I must lay hands on some *agàs*, and dismiss some of my people, so as to save their salaries; and what is saved shall be for thee, for thy gold and thy fine clothes."

A few days afterwards the Pasha secretly assembled the *agàs* and *dyàs*, told them of his wife's fancy, and ordered them to mount their horses in the middle of the night, and to go out and post themselves in detachments all round the town. The *agàs* and *dyàs* accordingly assembled with their horsemen to the number of three thousand, forming six squadrons, and placed themselves around the town awaiting further orders. When day began to dawn, the *kondus* saw from her window that the town was surrounded by troops; she instantly awoke the Pasha.

1: Garrett B-4, 5 (ca. 1935) 1991
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"It is no time to sleep!" she cried. "The enemy have surrounded the fortress!"

The Pasha replied by telling the *hanim* to fetch her gold and her fine clothes, and offer them to the enemy in order to induce them to depart. The lady exclaimed that such was not the way to repel the foe, and declared she desired neither gold nor rich clothes, but only to be saved from the enemy. The Pasha told her not to fear, as he had plenty of horsemen and armed men among those whom wives had come to see her, ladies with gold, and richly dressed. "But still," he said, "if she desired it, he was ready to dismiss them, and give her their pay, that she might have gold and stuffs."

"May Allah forbid!" cried the lady. "I will have none of such riches; I am ready to give even the garments I now possess to our people and to our troops. I admit that greatness consists in numbers of soldiers and horsemen. There are plenty of rich traders, but what can they do?—they have not that which constitutes real greatness."

The Pasha went out and gave the order for the horsemen to retire and disperse to their own homes. But they would not consent to do so before they had made an excursion to bring back some booty for the *hanim's* toilet. So they set out for Karadagh,* whence they returned with a rich spoil worth a hundred thousand piastres, and offered it to the lady.

The Pasha's wife, however, refused to accept it for herself, and gave it up to the troops, persuaded at last

* "The Black Mountain." The name of a district of Persia, situated some forty miles beyond the Turkish frontier.

1: Garrett B-4, 3 (ca. 1888) 1991
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[539] that one can well do without gold and rich stuffs, but that without millions one cannot maintain one's power.

[542] The Kirdish women, of the normal tribes more especially, take a lively interest in the social and political affairs of the tribe, are acquainted with all that concerns it—its feuds, plans, and conspiracies, in which they are indeed often moving spirits. As enterprising and indefatigable as the men of their race, they are ever on the alert, and ready to leap to the [542] saddle, where, though not elegant riders, they are quite at home, and able to keep up with their husbands in their adventurous wanderings.

This participation in the political life of the tribe is a peculiarity of normal life, and of a primitive state of society. Mr. Millingen relates two instances which came under his personal notice of the intervention of women in public affairs. After a skirmish with the [721] Shikish tribe, the beaten Kirds retired to their en- [721] campment, with the loss of twenty-four of their warriors, and sent with all haste a deputation to the Pasha of Van imploring his mediation. A kind of commission being despatched on their behalf from this town, it was met at a distance of several miles from the Shikish camp by a crowd of women, the petty men at the head wearing black veils, and shrieking as loudly and woefully as it was in their [721] power to do. Their lively grief, backed by a bribe of the Kirdish delicacy called *djedjik*,[1] was successful in bringing about a solution favourable to the tribe, which, through the mediation of the women, was allowed to escape further punishment.

[1] The entire fat-covered abscess above mentioned (p. 106).

1: Garrett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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787 indeed, an unfailing object of satire, and their short-
823 comings in this respect especially form the subject of
endless humorous stories, of which the following may
serve as specimens:

The Greedy Mollah.[1]

824 Once upon a time a Mollah and two unlearned
793 persons were travelling together, when they came to
a river. All undressed to swim across, the Mollah
going first. As soon as they were in the water, the
Mollah perceived four small jars, filled with butter,
floating at a little distance. He reached the first and
held it with his teeth, stretched out his right hand to
seize another, and caught the third in his left, so that
he succeeded in getting hold of three jars for him-
self. There remained but one, which was taken by
his companions. But not content with three-fourths
of the spoil, he called out to the others, "I swear by
Allah that I will have my share in that jar too!"[2]

The Mollah takes at his Word.

They say that there was once in Kirdistan a Mollah
named Ruzid, who greatly edified the Kirds by his
sermons and counsels. One day when he was preach-
ing in the mosque, he said in his sermon, "O, Mussul-
man people, each of you who possesses two garments
[57] ought, for the love of Allah, to give one of them to
the poor; each of you who has two loaves ought, if

[1] Jules Rivoyre, Contes et Récits Kirdes, p. 16.
[2] This story has given rise to the Kirdish proverb, "He has refused three jars, and is not content, but would have the fourth."
[3] Jules Rivoyre, &c., p. 16.

1: Ch.Ch.Mss B.4, 5 (ca. 1895) 1895
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he would walk in the path of God, to give one to the wretched."

The wife of the Mollah happened to be passing the mosque at that moment, and hearing the words of her husband, she turned back and went home. The Mollah had two changes of garments, the one which went to the wash, and the other which he wore. His wife gave to the poor the one in reserve, and at the same time distributed to them half the provision of bread. When the Mollah came home in the evening, he said to his wife, "My clothes are soiled, bring me the others that I may change."

"But I gave away to-day your spare suit," replied his wife, "and distributed to the poor half the bread we had in the house."

Then the Mollah was very angry, and he said to his wife, "Why didst thou give away my clothes and my bread?"

"Because to-day," she replied, "when you were preaching in the mosque you exhorted all to divide their superfluous goods with the poor in order to walk in the path of God, and so what we were not using I gave to the beggars."

At these words the Mollah waxed very wroth, and he exclaimed, "Woman, my exhortations were for the congregation and not for myself. If I preach thus to the people, it is that they may give me the surplus of their clothes and their bread. You should not think of giving away my spare clothes and my children's bread. I preach to men in my own interest, and thou —thou carriest out, at my expense, the counsel I give them."

1: Garrett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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[138] The Kitáb also relates the following allegorical story with reference to the same subject:

The Prophet and the Angel.[*]

When the Prophet—blessings upon him!—ascended to Paradise, the archangel Gabriel accompanied him in order to show him all the wonders of the heavens. The Prophet—blessings upon him!—observed an angel of majestic stature, who stood in an expectant attitude, bearing on his shoulders an enormous drum, and holding in his hand a long drumstick. The Prophet—blessings upon him!—asked who he was, and what was his occupation. The angel replied, "O messenger of Allah, my duty is, when a Mollah confers a benefit or bestows an alms, even were it but some broken food to a beggar, to beat the drum, and thus announce to all the angels of the heavens the benefit or the almsdeed of the theologian."

Upon this, the Prophet—blessings upon him!—asked the angel, "How many times hast thou beaten the drum since thou hast held this office?"

"I am still waiting," replied the angel; "and up to this hour I have not once beaten it."

Will it be always thus? Allah knows. The clergy of all religions perform for the most part but few acts of benevolence or charity, for they require of the people almsdeeds and benefits, and themselves give nothing to the poor.

771 745 The vague mysticism which is so closely interwoven with the doctrines of the Shia sect, to which the

[*] Jaba, Recueil, &c., p. 13.

1: Garrett B-4, 9 (ca. 1900) 1891
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cation "Troll," Indian "Rakshasa," and Greek Ἀρίων (Drakos);[1] a feminine but simple-minded monster, who is usually outwitted by a clever mortal, the youngest of three brothers, or a widow's son.

The Three Brothers and the Dev.[2]

There once lived in a certain place three brothers.[3] The name of the youngest was Hasanak, that of the second Qasim, and that of the eldest Hashem. Now it happened that each had a sickle, and Hasanak said to his brothers, "Come along, we will leave this country and go to that of another tribe where we can work and get good wages."

So the three set off. They went to the uplands, and there they found a field of wheat. Said Hasanak to his brothers, "Come, let us set to work and cut this wheat, it has no doubt an owner who will pay us."

So the three went to the field, and they stooped down and began to cut the wheat. When they had been cutting for two days, Hasanak saw a cave; it was the cave of a Dev, who came out immediately, and shouted and said, "Who are you? Why do you cut my wheat? I will come and eat the heads of all three of you!"

Said Hasanak to his brothers, "Do not be frightened, there is a Dev; he is coming towards us, saying, 'Who are you, and why do you cut my wheat?' Do not speak either of you, but let me answer the Dev."

[1] Conveniently considered by the late Mr. Goldziher as "dragon." See vol. i. p. 225, note, and compare Dragon, *Chinese Rep. Religions*, No. 6.

[2] Lorck, *Vierundvierzig alter die Kunden*, p. 48.

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1860) 1891
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So they went on cutting the wheat as they saw the Dev coming. The Dev cried, "What are you doing there? You do not know my name. I will make one bite of the heads of all you three!"

Said Hamouk, "Effendi, allow me to speak to you."

"Speak, my son," replied the Dev.

Said Hamouk, "We are three brothers. We came here and found this wheat, and we stooped and began to cut, for we said, 'Perhaps this wheat has an owner who will pay us our wages.'"

Said the Dev to Hamouk, "Very well, my son, reap away." Then the Dev came closer to Hamouk, and said to him, "My son, give me thy sickle; sit thou still a little and rest thyself."

So the Dev, and Quim, and Shaban all three reaped until the hour of evening prayer.

Then the Dev arose and wrote a letter, gave it to Hamouk, and said, "Take this road, go; you see yonder mountain? On the top of it is my house, where my wife and my three daughters live. Take the letter thither, give it to my wife, she will understand."

So Hamouk took the letter, and set out. He walked for two hours, and then opened the letter, and saw that the Dev had written:

"When this man brings this letter into the house, cut off this man's head, and cook me a pilaf with the head of this man, that I may eat it."

Hamouk tore up the letter, threw it away, and wrote another:

"When this man brings this letter into the house, prepare a pilaf with the head of the brown bullock;

let Hamnah be-night weary my eldest daughter, and [illegible] ●
[illegible] bring let him bring me the gilet."

So the wife of the Der killed the brave bullock, made of the meat a gilet, and gave it to Hamnah. Hamnah took the gilet, went, and brought it to the Der. The Der saw Hamnah coming. Hamnah brought the gilet and gave it to the Der. The Der took it, and said to Hamnah, "I did not write such a letter; that bad woman, why did she prepare this dish and give it you? Why have you brought me this dish? This I did not write in the letter [but rather that] she kill me Hamnah, out of the flesh of Hamnah prepare me a gilet and send it to me."

Said Hamnah, "If you will go this time, then go. But if you will not go, then I will go, and this time she must kill me, prepare you a gilet, cook it, and send it."

The Der replied, "My son, sit still. I will write once more, give [the letter] to you, to take to my wife. If you return this time then I will go myself."

"Very well, Hikuh," said Hamnah.

When the Der had written the letter, he rose and gave it to Hamnah. Hamnah took it, and, after having walked two hours, he opened and read it, and saw that the Der had written in the letter: "This time cut out the eyes and the lips of Hamnah, and make kebabs of them. If this time the man returns safe and sound, then will I cause at once, bad woman, and cut off thy head, hands, and feet, for then will do no man's bidding." Hamnah read in the letter the evil which the Der had written, and he tore it up, threw it away, and wrote another.

● 130 "Kill this time the red bullock, prepare dainties, and send also bread and pilaf. To night let Hasanak marry my youngest daughter, and to morrow let him take the bread and pilaf, and bring it to me."

Hasanak took this letter, and gave it to the wife of the Dev, who read in it, "Kill this time, &c." The wife of the Dev killed the red bullock, and prepared dainties of the flesh, and that night Hasanak married the youngest daughter of the Dev, and rested until the morning. In the morning he rose, went into the room of the Dev, and said to his wife, "Give me the victuals, and I will go to the Dev." The Dev's wife rose, gave the victuals to Hasanak, and said, "Greet the Dev from me, and say to him, 'Assistant rose, thou emptiest my house of victuals!'"

And Hasanak rose, and said to the Dev's wife, "This bullock [with the flesh of which] I go, is to me a remembrance of thee."

The Dev's wife replied, "Arrive thou well, and have luck on the way."

Hasanak responded, "I thank thee, and may Allah be pleased with thee!"

Hasanak rose, brought the victuals, and gave them to the Dev. The Dev took them, and grew very angry, threw the meat down, and went home.

Hasanak said to his brothers, "Brothers, the house of the Dev is emptied of provisions, arise, and let us go further!"

So Hasanak's brothers arose, and he led them away, and they walked for four days. The Dev came back, but he did not see Hasanak. The latter went

In Chronicle B-4, 9 (ca. 1880) 1891
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ake a town, took his brethren to the market-place and [illegible]
said to them, "Go where you will."

Hannah's brother Qasim said to him, "Why didst thou bring us here?" and his brother Shalem wept.

Said Hannah, "Brother, why dost thou weep? This is great."

Said Qasim, "Why didst thou bring us here? What wilt thou do with us? This place is strange and we have no helping, nobody will receive us, we will go home again."

Said Hannah, "Hire thyself to a master" (again).

So he took his brother to a coffee-house, and said to the keeper, "Effendi, this is my brother, his name is Qasim, he would be your servant."

The man replied, "My son, in what kind of work is your brother skilled?"

Said Hannah, "Any work that you may give him my brother can do."

So the keeper of the coffee-house said, "Very well, my son," and Hannah left his brother there and returned to the market-place, but he did not find his brother Shalem there. He wandered about for a month, and at last he found him in prison.

"Brother, who has put thee in prison and locked thee in?" he asked.

Shalem replied, "I went to the Dey to complain myself, and after I had found him I was seized, led away, and thrown into this prison."

Hannah took his brother out of the prison, and rested with him four days. He then took him to a bath, soaped, washed, and cleaned him, took him out

1: Garrett D-4, 3 (ca. 1880) 1891
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139 of the bath and led him to the captain of the guard. Hassouk said to the captain of the guard, "I give this, my brother, into thy keeping."

The captain asked, "Here, whither must thou?"

"To take vengeance on the Dev," replied Hassouk.

Said the captain, "Go, here, for I, too, am a Devtaker. The Dev has a sword in a golden sashband under a cover over the couch where he sleeps. Take this sword and go further. To the right is a lattice, go to this lattice, open it, and sit even as the Dev enters the room, take his sword in your hand, and when he advances into the chamber strike at his head, cut it off, and throw it on the floor. In the head is a tongue which speaks; if it says to you, 'Give a second blow,' then reply, 'I strike no second blow, a love speaks but once.'"

Hassouk arose and went to the house of the Dev, took the sword which hung over his pillow, went further, and saw the grating on the right side of the room, and placed himself in front of it. By-and-by the Dev arrived. Hassouk grasped the sword, and, as the Dev advanced into the room, he aimed a blow at him and cut off his head. The Dev fell to the floor and then said to Hassouk, "Give me a second blow."

Said Hassouk, "A love speaks but once."

The Dev died. Hassouk arose, carried away the corpse of the Dev, threw it into a pit, and then returned by another way to the Dev's house. He took the youngest daughter of the Dev and married her, and then set out to search for his brothers, Qasim and Ibrahim. When he had found them he gave the

eldest daughter of the Dev to his brother Bhalwa, and [illegible] the second to his brother Qasim, and they all three settled down and lived in peace ever after.[1]

The following pathetic little story recalls Grimm's [illegible] *Brüderchen und Schwesterchen*, and also the Hebrew [illegible] Greek folk-tale of *Aenopia and the Bluebird* ("Starlight and Birdie"), although in the Kirelish version the cannibalistic element is absent.

The Legend of the Owl (Gil'ia).[2]

Once upon a time, there lived a man and his wife, [illegible] who had one son and one daughter. The wife died, and the man soon after married another. After two years had passed, and the second wife had a daughter of her own, she began to hate the children of the first wife.

The girl used to go out to feed the cattle. One evening when she returned home she missed her brother, and asked her stepmother where he was.

The woman replied, "Thy brother has gone to his uncle's house."

The girl went to sleep, and in her dream she saw that her brother had been killed and his body thrown into a pit. In the morning she rose and said to her father,

"Father, I dreamt last night that thy wife killed my brother, and threw his body into a pit. I will now go out with the cattle, and if I find my brother

[1] The story does not say what became of the Dev's wife, but most probably the Dev had killed her when he went home in a rage.

[2] Lorch, *Herzlosigkeit*, &c., p. 8n.

1: Gerrett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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"If I have no my return in the evening, I shall know that all is well with him. If he comes not, I will no longer tend the cows, neither will I remain here."

The father replied, "Go out to-day with the cattle, and I will wait for thy brother, and find out the truth. Since my wife hates you, neither will I remain here, unless I find your brother."

So the girl arose, and led the cows to pasture. The father, too, went out, and found his son's body thrown into a pit, and covered with a stone. He returned home and said to his wife:

"Why hast thou slain my son? His sister saw in a dream in the night that her brother was dead, and she came unto me and wept, and said, 'My brother has been killed, and thrown into a pit.' I said, 'Hush, my daughter, fear not, thy brother is well,' and the maiden said to me, 'To-day I will go out with the cattle, and if, when I return in the evening, my brother has not come, I will no longer remain here.'"

The woman replied, "Go, leave me in peace, you horrid man! You listen to your daughter, and then you come to me and ask me, 'Why have you killed my son?' Why should I thus kill thy son?"

The husband went forth in anger. He drew the corpse of his son out of the pit, carried it to his wife, and said to her:

"You monster! By whom has this boy been murdered?"

The woman was speechless. She trembled and could not utter a word.

The father washed the dead body of his son, carried

him to the grave and buried him. He then returned [537] home, cut off the head of his wife, and threw her into a pit.

The murdered boy's sister came home in the evening. When she saw neither her brother nor her step-mother, she asked, "Father, where is thy wife?"

"I know not," he replied, "but thy brother is dead."

When the maiden heard this she wept, and went away. Going down to the brook side, she bathed and prayed twice.

"Oh, Allah! Change me into an ox!"

And she was at once transformed into that red bird. She flew up and away and was seen there no more.

The following story will recall at once the wide-[537] spread nursery tale of "Puss in Boots. As in the [171] Sicilian version of this story, mentioned by Mr Lang,[1] the Fox, from motives of gratitude, undertakes to make the Miller's fortune, but his endeavours are defeated by the cowardice of the pretended "Tremaja Paska."

How the Fox Wooed for the Miller the Daughter of the Pasha of Egypt.[2]

There once lived a Miller in a certain country, and [537] plenty of grist came to his mill. One evening he stopped the mill, went into his house, and slept. In the morning, on going again into the mill, he found the trough empty. So on the following night, instead of sleeping, he kept watch, and about midnight

[1] Perrault's Tales, Introduction, p. lxxiii.
[2] Lane, Pentamerone &c., p. 83.

[1.19] he saw a Fox enter the mill, go to the trough and take out the flour. The Miller came out of his hiding place, seized the Fox, and began to belabour him with his stick. The Fox yelped, and said to the Miller, "Let me go, and I will woo for thee the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt!"

"I am a Miller," was the reply. "How wilt thou woo for me the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt?"

Said the Fox, "Kill me not, and I will indeed woo for thee the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt. If I fail to do so, then thou mayest kill me."

"Then must take thine oath upon it," said the Miller.

So the Fox swore to the Miller, and the Miller let him go.

The Fox set off, and by-and-by he arrived in Egypt. When he came into the presence of the Pasha, he saluted him most courteously, and the Pasha said to the Fox, "Tell me thy desire."

The Fox replied, "Sire, have I your permission to speak?"

"Thou hast."

"Then," said the Fox, "My master, Tewinaya Pasha, seeks the hand of thy daughter."

The Pasha of Egypt replied, "Take horsemen with you, and go to meet this Tewinaya Pasha, who may be some Vizier, but whose name I do not know."

"Sire," said the Fox, "give me a suit of clothes," and I will take it to Tewinaya Pasha. But do not send your soldiers out to meet him before two days

[1.19] * Presents of apparel are very common in the East, and are frequently mentioned in folk-tales.

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have passed, for I will myself announce to you his approach."

So the Pasha of Egypt gave a suit of clothes to the Fox, who immediately set off with it for the Miller's house.

Said the Fox, "I have wooed for thee the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt. Arise now, go to the bath, wash and clean thyself, put on these clothes, and I will lead thee to the Pasha of Egypt."

So the Miller went to the bath, where he washed himself, shaved his head and his beard, and donned the new suit. He then set off with the Fox. When they arrived on the Egyptian border, the Miller remained behind while the Fox went to inform the Pasha of his arrival.

Said the Fox, "Effendi, Tentenpo Pasha has come. Give me a handsome carriage for him, and let your soldiers go out to receive him."

The Pasha ordered a state carriage to be got ready, with three servants to walk in front of it. So Tentenpo Pasha came to Egypt, and the Egyptian army shouted "*Selam aleikum!*"[1] But the Miller was confused, and could not reply to the greeting, and some of the soldiers said, "It is a drunken man! it is a drunken man! It is no Pasha! it is but a Miller!" The Fox then walked up and down before the soldiers, saying to them, "The weather is very warm, and Tentenpo Pasha is quite overcome; you must excuse him." So Tentenpo Pasha was conducted to the palace of the Pasha of Egypt. As he stepped out of the carriage, the Fox took him by the hand

[1] "Peace be with thee."

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539 and led him into the serail into the presence of the Pasha. Said he to the Pasha of Egypt,

"Effendi, for a month past Temteqa Pasha has been absent-minded."

"Well," replied the Pasha of Egypt, "lead him to his apartment, and put him on the divan to rest."

The Fox obeyed. The Miller was trembling with fear, and the Fox said to him, "Curse thee, leave off trembling, and lie down to rest!"

"The Pasha of Egypt will come hither, and cut off my head," replied the frightened Miller.

"Not he," returned the Fox. "Fear not, I will not forsake thee. Have thy wits about thee, and if he enter the room rise from the divan and kiss the hem of his garment."

"If the Pasha of Egypt comes into the room he will kill me," repeated the Miller.

Said the Fox, "Get up. I will bring thee water to perform the ablution, and then thou canst say thy prayers."

"Yes," replied the Miller, "bring me water, and I will make the ablution."

So the Fox fetched some water and gave it to the Miller, who went out to seek a place proper for making the ablution before saying his prayers, without, however, knowing where to look for it. The Fox waited for some time, but as the Miller did not return he went to seek him, and found him lying on the ground, dead. Then he went to the Pasha of Egypt, and said to him,

"Temteqa Pasha went out to make the ablution, and has fallen down dead."

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The Pasha said, "Go, bring him in." 539
So the Fox brought in the Miller's body, washed it, and buried it.

The following fable is precisely similar in its commencement to the familiar one of "The Fox and the Stork." The incident of the Mollah's fur pelisse is, however, quite an Oriental feature, and the final catastrophe is familiar to me as occurring in another Eastern story, the nationality of which I do not, unfortunately, remember. 538 171

The Fox, the Eagle, and the Wolf.[1]

Once upon a time a Fox and an Eagle lived on brotherly terms. One day the Fox said to the Eagle, "I will prepare a feast for you." 539

So the Eagle went to the house of the Fox, whom he found preparing the meal. When it was ready, the Fox placed the meat on a shallow dish, and invited the Eagle to fall to, saying, "Brother, eat!" But, peck at the dish as he would, the Eagle could not secure a morsel, while his host ate with ease.

Then said the Eagle to the Fox, "Come with me; get on my back, and I will take you to my house."

So the Fox got on the Eagle's back, and the Eagle rose high into the air. Presently he saw a Mollah kneeling on his fur-lined pelisse, at his prayers, and threw the Fox down upon him. The Mollah, terrified, ran off, leaving his pelisse, which the Fox promptly put on, and went his way.

[1] Lerch, *Forschungen*, &c., p. 46.

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539 On the road he met a Wolf, who asked, "Brother Fox, what kind of fur coat are you wearing?"

"Brother Wolf, I am a tailor," replied the Fox.

"Then, Brother Fox, make me a fur coat," requested the Wolf.

"Certainly," said the Fox, "I will make you a fur coat."

"How soon will it be ready?"

"I must first have seven sheep, and then I will make it," replied the Fox; and he went to his den, and lay down.

The Wolf went further, found seven sheep, and brought them to the Fox, who said, "Brother Wolf, go home and wait three days; then return, for I shall have sewn your coat."

The Wolf waited three days, and then returned to claim his pelisse.

But the Fox replied, "My father is a tailor, and so is my mother, but I am not one."

Then said the Wolf, "Brother Fox, would you mind coming out of your den?"

"Get away with you," replied the Fox; "these seven sheep will suffice me for a whole year."

"Then," returned the Wolf, "I will wait a whole year before your den."

But the Fox heeded him not. He ate the seven sheep, and went to sleep. The Wolf remained seven or eight days before the Fox's earth. Seeing that he made no attempt to come out, the Wolf at last fetched a dried gourd, into which he put some stones. This gourd, rolling about, made a continual noise, which roused the Fox's curiosity. Coming cautiously out

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of his hole, he looks about for the Wolf, but, not 537
seeing him, he ventures forth, and seizes the gourd, which he ties to his tail. By-and-by he goes to the fountain, and, his tail hanging over the side, the gourd falls into the water, and the Fox, in his efforts to pull it out again, tumbles in himself.

The transcriber of the next story, M. Jaba, suggests 538
that "Sûri-Saltó" must have been an old Crusader, who 171
knew of the existence of the treasure, and had come from Europe, disguised as a dervish, to secure it. I venture, however, to think it much more probable that he was the famous warrior-monk, Sûri-Saltik, one of the Moslem "Saints" who took part in the Ottoman Conquest, and of whom many extraordinary legends are related by the Turks.[1]

The Armenian and the Dervish.[2]

An Armenian named Sûtir once lived in the town 539
of Begiriv, which is situated in one of the *kazas* 216
(districts) of Van. One day a wandering dervish was passing through the town, and received hospitality in the house of this Armenian. By the will of Allah, this dervish, whose name was Sûri-Saltó, fell sick, and remained a long time confined to his bed in the house of his host, who, with his wife and all the people of his household, took the greatest care of him. Every possible attention was paid to the dervish Sûri-Saltó.

[1] Some of these legends are to be found in the *Narrative of Evliya Effendi*, published by the Oriental Translation Fund. Among other feats the saint destroyed a seven-headed monster, and delivered a king's daughter whom he was about to devour. He is said to have travelled about from country to country, borne over the sea on his dervish's sheepskin mat.

[2] *Recueil de Notices et Récits Kourdes*, p. 94.

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539 286 In about two months the dervish got well and recovered his strength. One day he said to Sätir, "Get ready by to-night a sack, a cord, flint and steel, a candle, and some matches. Have all these things in readiness, for we are going somewhere. Thou hast put thyself to much trouble for me, and it is but right that I should do thee a good turn."

The Armenian, Sätir, got ready the sack and the other articles mentioned by Säri-Saltó, and, as soon as it was night, he and the dervish took them, and left the town. At an hour's distance from Begirlv, near the village of Kürütt, on the top of a hill, are the ruins of a castle, which dates from the time of the Infidels (*i.e.*, the Christians), the architecture and walls of which are very ancient. The dervish Säri-Saltó and the Armenian Sätir penetrated together into the interior of the ruins.

The dervish said to Sätir, "Knowest thou why I have led thee hither?"

"I know nothing about it, thou only knowest," replied the Armenian.

539 Then the dervish revealed to him that in the centre of this fortress, which has remained from the times of the Infidels, a treasure lay hidden. "I am going," he said, "to remove the spell which guards it; we will enter, and thou shalt take some of the gold. But utter not a word." After this caution to Sätir, the dervish pronounced some words, when a noise, accompanied by an earthquake, was heard within the walls. A few moments afterwards a door opened, and both entered the treasure chamber. Sätir lighted a candle, and saw indeed a large room where gold and coins of

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the old Christian Emperors were lying in heaps. On 539
one heap of gold was a golden partridge with diamond eyes, which sparkled; and its beak, wings, and the whole of its body were covered with precious stones, which glittered in the light. The dervish stretched forth his hand, seized this golden bird, and hid it in his mantle, and advised Sâtir for his part to fill his sack with as much gold as he could carry, as it was time to retire. The Armenian did so, and made so heavy a load that he could hardly carry it. They left the chamber, the dervish again recited some words, and the door of the treasure house shut again. They walked away together for a little distance, and the dervish then said to Sâtir, "Do thou go home, and I will go about my business, but do not forget me," and he went off in another direction.

No sooner had he gone, however, than the demon began to tempt Sâtir. The recollection that the dervish had taken away with him the image of the partridge studded with precious stones tormented him, and made him fancy that he, as a confederate, had some right to it. So he turned to follow after the dervish, with the intention of taking the bird from him by force, if necessary. Putting his sack on the ground, he ran after Sâri-Salté and soon overtook him. Hearing the sound of footsteps behind him, the dervish looked round, saw Sâtir, and asked what had brought him back. The Armenian replied that he wanted the partridge, and not the gold.

The dervish replied, "Thou art a fool. This gold is sufficient for thee; go about thy business, I want

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● 539 this partridge. It is for this bird that I have left Frenghistan[1] and come hither; but I fell ill on the way and remained in thy house, and in reward for thy care I have given thee so much gold."

Sätir turned away. The demon, however, did not leave him, but induced him to go and try to take the partridge by force from the dervish, and also to keep all the gold. So again he runs after Säri-Salté, and, in a word, in spite of all the latter's counsel, he would not be persuaded. Seeing that Sätir was prepared to take the bird from him by force, the dervish told him to come nearer and he would give it to him. At the moment he approached, Säri-Salté threw at his nose something, the smell of which was so overpowering that he fell back in a faint.

The dervish went off, and Sätir did not come to himself until the following day. He got up, saw that the dervish was gone, took up his sack, and carried it home, where he hid it carefully. By degrees he purchased property of various kinds, several yokes of oxen for the plough, a fine flock, and some mills. The Governor of Begiriv learnt this, and suspected that Sätir must have found a treasure somewhere, as he was buying so much property. The neighbours informed the Governor that a short time back a dervish had arrived there, and remained in Sätir's house, that he had recovered, and disappeared, and that it was from that time that Sätir had become so prosperous. Finally, they succeeded, by one means or another, in getting some ancient coins from Sätir's house.

[1] The land of the Franks, *i.e.*, Europe.

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The affair got wind, and it was everywhere reported 539
that Sâtir of Begiriv had found a treasure. The news finally reached the ears of the Pasha of Van, who sent for him and shut him up in the city prison, where he lay some time. He confessed the truth, and obtained his liberty only at the price of a quantity of gold, which he gave to the Pasha of Van. In short, Sâtir had to scatter his gold in all directions.

Sensible folks will, perhaps, doubt the truth of this story. It is, however, firmly believed in these districts, and often related, and, what is more, the descendants of Sâtir still live at Begiriv in great prosperity. They have lands, mills, many a yoke of oxen and fine flocks, and they keep open house. One might say that it is a *tekkeh*,[1] for every one receives hospitality in this Armenian house; Moslems even are never repulsed, but welcomed with every mark of attention. From that time Sâtir became well known among the Kûrds, who made great friends with him, and brought him presents of sheep. It sometimes [577 628 778]
happens that they are at feud with the inhabitants of Begiriv, and commit robberies and depredations in that town, but they always spare the house of Sâtir, saying that it is as sacred as a *tekkeh*, and that not even an indiscreet glance must enter it.

The following curious story has been preserved by 538
the late Mr. Rich,[2] who took it down literally from 114
the lips of the narrator, a tribesman of the Bebbehs of Darishmana, without, as he says, adding to or

[1] Dervish monastery, where hospitality is generally exercised.
[2] *Narrative, &c.*, vol. i. p. 291.

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altering it in any way. The incidents it describes are totally unlike those of Kûrdish stories generally, and are probably derived from real occurrences, but belonging to a date far anterior to that assigned by the story-teller, who, with the supreme disregard for accuracy manifested by persons of his calling in the East, would refer any remarkable story to the immediate ancestors of the favourite Kûrdish hero, Sulieman Baba, if he could not refer them to the hero himself without being convicted of a too glaring anachronism. It may possibly be a survival of some story of chivalry belonging to the crusading age of Saladin, whom the Kûrds declare to have been a prince of their race.

A parallel to this legend may also be found in the Greek folk-tale of Ἡ βασίλισσα ποὺ πάγαινε στὸν πόλεμο, "The Princess who went to the War."[1]

The Maiden Champion.

There lived once in Darishmana two brothers, Fakih Ahmed and Khidder, who had suffered much from the hostility of the Bulbassis, the most powerful people of Pizhder. Fakih Ahmed, who was of a bold and proud spirit, quitted his village in disgust, swearing never to return to it unless he should be in a position to avenge himself. He went to Constantinople, and entered the service of the Sultan.

It so happened that the Sultan was at that time at war with the English (or Franks). In those days battles were generally decided by single combat. A champion had come forth from the Frankish host

[1] Von Hahn, Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια, p. 57; and *Märchen*, i. p. 114.

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who for five days had kept the field against the flower of the Turkish chivalry, all of whom he had successively overthrown and slain. Fakih Ahmed volunteered to meet this redoubtable foe, upon which the Sultan sent for him, asked him concerning his country, and being satisfied with his appearance, allowed him to undertake the adventure, after first supplying him with a suitable horse and arms. He ran his course, and overthrew the Frankish knight. Upon alighting to cut off his head, he found, to his great astonishment, that his fallen enemy was a young maiden, who besought him to spare her life and she would marry him. He brought her back to the Turkish camp in triumph, and upon the Sultan's asking him what reward he should bestow upon him, he claimed and obtained a *firman*, constituting him Bey, and bestowing on him in perpetuity the village and lands of Darishmana. In this he displayed either his modesty or his ignorance, for, had he claimed the whole of Kürdistan, he would have obtained it. 537

Fully satisfied, however, with his new acquisition, he returned in triumph to his native place with his bride, Keighan, by whom he had subsequently two children, Baba Süliman and Boodakh Keighan. He had frequent contests with the Bulbassis, whom he succeeded in reducing to considerable order.

One day, however, when he was absent, a large party of them came down on a predatory excursion. His wife, Keighan, sallied forth alone, and put the whole of them, amounting to some four or five hundred horsemen, to flight, killing a great number. She then

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summoned together the people of Duriahmana, mounted her horse, and addressed them as follows:

"Men of Duriahmana, Fakih Ahmed spared my life when I was in his power, and I have this day requited the service, which was all I wanted or waited for. Now tell Fakih Ahmed what you have seen, and also that I am gone where he shall see me no more. Tell him that I charge him not to follow me, for it would be in vain, and I should do him harm, which, God knows, I would not willingly do." So saying, she turned her horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

As might be supposed, Fakih Ahmed was, on his return, much astonished to hear what had happened, and also deeply grieved at the loss of his beloved Keighan, whom he resolved to follow in spite of her prohibition. He came up with her in the valley of Khidheran, which is in Pizhder, and besought her to return with him.

"It is impossible," she replied. "You are a Moslem, I am a Frank. I go to the land of my fathers. Farewell. Come not near me, or I shall harm you!"

As the enamoured Fakih persisted, she raised her spear, and thrust him through the shoulder. He fell, and she galloped off. But she had not gone far when she bethought herself that she had made but a poor requital for his mercy to her when her life was at his disposal, and that, though he was a Moslem, he was the father of her children. She therefore relented, turned back, and finding him still breathing, applied to his wound a powerful ointment which placed him out of danger till he should receive succour. She

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then set off again. But the ardent lover and husband, as soon as he had recovered from his wound, nothing abashed by the rough usage he had received at Keighan's hands, still persisted in his design of following and recovering her, and in pursuit of her reached Frenghistan. At nightfall he came to a large city, where he heard the sound of revelry. The *mehter khana* (band) was playing, the *meshals* (torches) were lighted, and all the other preparations for a *toey* (nuptial feast) were going forward.

Uncertain what to do, or where to take up his abode for the night, he resolved to leave it to chance and remain where his horse might stop. He accordingly gave him the reins, and the animal stopped before the house of an old woman. After making some difficulties, the woman consented to receive Fakih Ahmed as her guest, and he then inquired of her what was the occasion of all the rejoicings. She replied that the daughter of the king had gone to war with the Moslems, and had just returned after having been missing for several years, and also that she was then going to be married to her cousin. Fakih Ahmed begged his hostess to procure him admission as a spectator to the nuptial feast, which she at length agreed to do, provided he would allow her to dress him in woman's attire. This he consented to, and, favoured by his disguise, he contrived to be close at hand during the first interview between the fair Keighan and her proposed spouse.

When the lady came forth, the ungracious bridegroom immediately saluted her with a box on the ear, saying:

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539 "Thou hast been a prisoner in the hands of the Moslems; thou hast been dishonoured; and darest thou show thyself before me?"

The bride, in her anguish, exclaimed in the Kûrdish language, which had become familiar to her, "Oh, Fakih Ahmed, would that thou wert here!"

The person thus invoked immediately rushed forward, slew the bridegroom, and escaped with his wife to Constantinople, where the Sultan bestowed upon him an addition to his former grant. The couple then returned to Pizhder, where they lived happily all their days. Before Fakih Ahmed died, he completely subjugated the districts of Pizhder, Mergeh, and Mawutt, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Baba Sûliman, the ancestor of the present princes of Sûlimanieh, who conquered the remaining districts of that part of Kûrdistan now under their authority.

538 The Sultan Murad, who figures in the following Kûrdish story, is most probably Murad IV., who reigned early in the seventeenth century, and resembled the famous Khalif Haroun el Raschid in his fondness for going about his capital in disguise. His adventure with the shepherd is almost identical with that related of James V. of Scotland—"The Gudeman of Ballenguich"—with the farmer Donaldson, who was subsequently known as "The King of the Moors."[1]

[1] See Sir W. Scott's Poems, Appendix to *The Lady of the Lake*, p. 260 (Black's edition, 1865).

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Sultan Murad and Siso the Shepherd.[1]

It is well known that the Kûrds lead their sheep in flocks into Syria and Arabia, and even to Constantinople. Once a shepherd named Siso, of the tribe of Bera-Berukân, led his sheep to Constantinople for sale. His shoulders covered with a goatskin, as is the custom among shepherds, he grazed his sheep in the neighbourhood of the capital.

One day Sultan Murad and his *lala*,[2] both disguised as dervishes, were walking in the suburbs, and they came to the spot where Siso was with his sheep. Now Sultan Murad had never in his life seen Kûrds, nor shepherds in such a costume. Seeing Siso so strangely dressed, the Sultan was astonished, and said to his *lala*, "What race of men is this who resemble in no respect the people of Stamboul, with their heads and their eyes covered with goatskins?"

The *lala* replied that it was a Kûrd from Anatolia, who had brought his sheep for sale.

"Let us approach this strange creature," said the Sultan, "and see what manner of man he is."

Then the Sovereign and his *lala* in their dervish disguises came up to the shepherd and saluted him. He returned their salutation, saying, "You are welcome, *bâba* (father) dervishes." The Sultan and the *lala* sat down. The shepherd had a pipe with a short stem which he filled and offered to the dervishes, who

[1] Jaba, *Recueil, &c.*, p. 62.

[2] Tutor or confidential attendant. This name is also given to a male slave who has the charge of children.

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were much surprised by this act of courtesy. He then said:

"I have bread and milk, and will bring you some."

Sultan Murad wished to decline his offer, saying, "We are not hungry, and have no need of food." But the shepherd insisted upon sharing his bread with them, and quoted to them th Arab proverb: "Whoso visits a living person and eats nothing at his house might as well visit a dead man."

"I am well," he added, "and refuse to be called a dead man, so you must not leave mewithout breaking bread."

The Sultan was charmed with the shepherd's remark, and accepted his offer of bread and milk. Siso unslung the skin bag which hung on his back, took from it a wooden cup, went to milk some of the sheep, and returned, bearing also in his hand a loaf, which he placed beforehis guests. The Sultan and the *kodja* ate a little, and the shepherd then asked the dervishes if they lived at Constantinople.

"Yes," replied Sultan Murad, "we belong to the capital. For the love of Allah, shepherd, if thou comest into town come and see me.'

The shepherd asked Sultan Murad what was his name and where he might be found.

His Majesty replied that his name was Baba Murad, and that he lived near th Sultan's palace. "Come to that place," he added, "and thou wilt find me."

The two dervishes took leave of the shepherd, and

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returned to Stamboul to the imperial palace. The Padishah stationed a man at the Sublime Porte with orders to look out for a shepherd, dressed in such a certain fashion and covered with a goatskin, who would present himself there; as soon as he appeared, to say to him that he belonged to the house of Baba Murad, and then to conduct him to the apartment prepared for him, seat him there, and inform the Sultan of his arrival. 539

Two or three days afterwards, the shepherd took two or three of his fattest sheep, drove them before him, and traversed Stamboul, inquiring for the house of Baba Murad. Every one laughed in his face, and made fun of him, until he arrived near the palace, when the man who had been posted there by order of the Sultan went forward to meet him, and asked, "Whom seekest thou?"

The shepherd replied that he was looking for the dervish, Baba Murad, his dear friend, and that he had brought the sheep as a present to him, and a token of his friendly regard.

The man replied that he belonged to the household of Baba Murad, and offered to conduct him to his master's abode, giving the sheep into the charge of his servant. The shepherd's costume was enough to frighten one, with his goatskin covered with hairs standing on end, and in this costume he entered the sumptuous apartment, took off his shoes, and sat down. The palace attendant went to inform the Sultan that the shepherd had come, and that, according to his orders, he had conducted him to the apartment specified, and awaited his Majesty's further orders.

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●539 The Sultan put on again his dervish's dress. The *kale* did the same, and both entered the room where the shepherd was.

"*Salaam aleikûm*, peace be upon thee," they said.

The shepherd had still no idea that he was in the presence of the Sultan. The Padishah ordered the black coffee which is served in *findjânes*[1] to be brought.

"My brother,"[2] cried the shepherd, "why is thy milk so black and so bitter? and these cups, why are they so small? It scalds my mouth, and I can't drink the milk. Let them fill my wooden cup, and I will put in some pieces of bread and eat them."

The Sultan smiled, and ordered coffee to be brought in a coffee-pot. They filled with it the cup of Siso the shepherd, gave him a piece of bread, and he ate it with a spoon. Then addressing his Majesty, he said:

"By Allah, my brother, thy milk is bad, it is too bitter." Then, looking at the cushions and mattresses covered with gold brocade which decorated the room, which he thought was but printed cotton, he added, "Brother, buy me a little of that stuff for my children. I will repay you when I have sold my sheep."

"Willingly," replied the Sultan.

Siso continued to look about the apartment, which was full of magnificence and luxury, inspected the beautiful furniture, and again addressed the Sultan.

"My brother, who built this house for thee? doubtless it was left to thee by thy father?"

[1] Turkish coffee-cups. Though coffee has long been known in Kurdistan, it is little used by the nomad Kurds, and is unknown to many shepherds even at this day.

[2] Kurds always address each other by this term.

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The Sultan replied that it had indeed been be- 534
queathed to him by his father.

Shaking his head, Siso cried, "I knew that it could not be a dervish's property!" and a few minutes afterwards he asked permission to leave, in order to look after his sheep, which had been left without a keeper. The Sultan told an attendant to send some one to look after the sheep and sell them, adding to the shepherd, "I will not let thee depart." His Majesty ordered them to take Siso to the bath and give him a robe of state, and thus only did Siso learn that Baba Murad was his Padishah. When again conducted into the presence, he fell at the Sultan's feet and implored his pardon for having been so wanting in respect for him. Murad overwhelmed Siso with benefits and honours, had his sheep sold, granted him many favours, and finally bestowed upon him by *berat*[1] the fief of several villages of Bayazid. At this day the chiefs of the tribe of Berukân are of the family of this man, and live in the village of Girberân.[2]

The Kûrds, like the Turks, have for their hero of 535
most of their comic and humorous stories, Nasr-ed-Dîn Hodja, the Imâm jester of Timour the Tartar. Some of these stories are identical with those current among the Turks, but many are, doubtless, of much greater antiquity than the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, the date assigned to this famous Oriental wit. The character of these anecdotes varies greatly. In one, for instance, the

[1] The Turkish equivalent of "royal letters patent."
[2] Between Bayazid and Makoo.

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538 Hodja administers a severe rebuke to the avaricious; in another he enunciates a wise maxim for general observance; in many he is a mere buffoon; and in some his own honesty and integrity are more than questionable. Underlying the majority, however, is a vein of quiet sarcasm; and the *jeux de mots*, so much appreciated by Orientals, and to which the Turkish language especially is so well adapted, are very frequent, but impossible to reproduce in another language.

The Adventures of a Cooking Pot.

539 One day the Hodja borrowed a cauldron (*kazán*) from his neighbour. Now this neighbour was a bad man, and the Hodja did not like him. After the cauldron had remained some days with him, the owner knocked at the Hodja's door and re-demanded his property. The Hodja placed a smaller pot in the cauldron, and handed it to him. When the owner observed this, he said to Nasr-ed-Dín:

"This little pot is not mine."

The Hodja replied, "Thy cauldron has given birth to a young one; take them both, I do not want thy goods."

At this the owner of the cauldron rejoiced greatly, and exclaimed, "*Allah kerim*—Allah is great! with the Almighty nothing is impossible!" and so saying, he took the pots and went his way.

A month or two afterwards the Hodja again went to his neighbour to borrow a cauldron. The man brought out the biggest he possessed. "But that is too big," objected Nasr-ed-Dín.

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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"I haven't a smaller one to lend you," said his neighbour. "What does it matter? If this one should bring forth, surely its child will be a big one."

So the Hodja carried the cauldron home, and put it on the oljak. The cauldron not being returned, the owner, after a month or so, went to ask for it. At the sight of him the Hodja wept.

"*Amán*," he cried, "a great misfortune has happened. Thy cauldron was a beautiful cauldron—it is dead—but thou art in good health."

"How can a cauldron die?" retorted the other incredulously; "thou art mocking me, Hodja."

"My heart," replied the Hodja, "when I informed thee that thy cauldron had brought forth a young one, Allah was all-powerful; and now, when I tell thee that she is dead, thou sayest that I mock thee!"

Nasr-ed-Din and the Beggar.

One day the Hodja went up to the terrace roof of his house, and while he was busy putting it in order, a knock was heard at the street door. On opening it the Hodja's wife saw a stranger, and asked his business. The man replied, "Go and tell the Hodja to come hither quickly, as he is wanted."

"But he is up on the roof, and is busy," objected the Hodja's spouse.

"No matter," was the reply, "call him that he may come quickly."

So the Hodja's wife called from below, "*Effendi*, there is a man at the door who wants you; come down quickly."

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
MA11 Kurd MA11

539 Said the Hodja, "I have mounted a thousand steps to get up here—ask the man what he wants, and then tell me."

But the man insisted on the Hodja's coming down to him at once, so the good woman again went to call him. Finding the caller so persistent, the Hodja said to himself, "Perhaps he comes on some business matter. I had better go down."

Hurrying down the staircase, he fell and hurt himself, and, coming to the door out of temper, found there a beggar, who said:

735 "For Allah's sake, give me an *aspre*!"

"Come this way," replied the Hodja, and he led the man up the staircase. When they had mounted forty steps, the Hodja turned to the beggar and said, "Go, may Allah send thee one."[1]

"You might have said that to me downstairs," grumbled the beggar.

"Man," replied the Hodja, "thou didst bring me down a thousand steps to hear thee say, 'Give me an *aspre*,' and hast been the cause of my fall and my hurt. I bring thee up but forty steps to hear me say, 'May Allah give it thee.'"

Nasr-ed-Din Hodja and the Corpse.

539 764 One day, as the Hodja was at home washing his clothes, a man came to request him to perform the ablutionary rite for a corpse, so that it might be buried.

"I am busy," replied the Hodja; "I am washing my clothes. Go, bring the corpse here, lay it on this

[1] The usual Oriental formula when refusing a beggar's request for alms.

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
MA11 Kurd MA11

table, and I will wash it here, as I have plenty of warm water,' and then you may take it and bury it."

"Very well," said the man, and he went to fetch the body.

The Hodja placed it on his table, and then said to the bearers, "Remain outside with my wife while I see to the corpse."

So the men went and sat down outside. The Hodja locked the door and fell a-thinking. Said he to himself, "I begrudge the warm water which I want for my clothes."

A small stream flowed past the house, and the Hodja finally decided to let it carry the dead man away unwashed. So, seizing the corpse by the legs, he threw it into the stream, which was swollen, and it was soon borne out of sight.

"I must now be wily with these men," said the Hodja to himself, and opening the door, he asked, "What has the life of the dead man been?"

"He was a rogue, a thief, and a cheat," was the general reply.

"No," said the Hodja, "that cannot be. You are mistaken. This man must have been a good man. When I had washed him on the table he opened his eyes and sat up. A silver chain then came down from heaven, angels came and took him up, and they said, 'This was indeed a man.'"

The simple villagers believed the words of the Hodja. "It was the will of Allah," they piously said, and returned to their homes. When, however, the corpse

[1] See Muslim funeral rites, p. 450.

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
MA11 Kurd MA11

● 539 had been in the water for three or four days, its further progress down the stream was arrested by the overhanging branches of a tree, and was observed by the country people. A peasant presently came to the Hodja, and reproached him, saying:

"You told us, Hodja, that the dead man had been taken up to heaven, and there is his corpse in the stream all swollen."

"Then he has been thrown down again from heaven," replied the Hodja, promptly. "You said he was a rogue, a thief, and a cheat, and who knows what he may not have been doing up there? He has probably stolen something, and they have cast him down again. Go quickly and bury him, or he may again come to life and rob you of something."

How the Hodja lost his Quilt.

One winter's night, when the Hodja and his wife were snugly asleep, two men began to quarrel and fight under his window. Both drew their knives, and the dispute threatened to become serious. Hearing the noise, the Hodja's wife got up, looked out of the window, and seeing the state of affairs, woke her husband, saying, "Great heavens! get up and separate them, or they will kill each other."

But the Hodja only answered sleepily, "Wife, dear, come to bed again; on my faith, there are no men in the world. I wish to be quiet; it is a winter's night. I am an old man, and perhaps if I went out to them they might beat me."

The Hodja's wife was a wise woman. She kissed

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
MA11 Kurd MA11

his hands and his feet. The Hodja was cross and scolded her, but he threw the quilt about him, went downstairs, and out to where the disputants were, and said to them: 539

"For the sake of my white beard, cease, my sons, your strife."

The men, in reply, pulled the quilt from the Hodja's shoulders, and made off with it.

"Very well," observed the good man. He re-entered, locked the door, and went upstairs. Said his wife:

"You did very well to go out to those men. Have they left off quarrelling?"

"They have," replied the Hodja.

"What were they quarrelling about, Hodja?"

"Fool," replied the Hodja, "they were quarrelling for my quilt. Henceforward my motto shall be, '*Beware of serpents.*'"

of faith), Ullahu akbar, Ullahu akbar, ashhadu inna la ilaha illa llah wa ashhadu inna Muhammad rasul Ullah, "God is greatest, God is greatest, I bear witness that Muhammad is the Apostle of God," for the infant, something analogous to a Christian baptismal ceremony. He then says the name of the child loudly in its ear three times, and the formal ceremony is completed. The investigator was told that elsewhere in Kurdistan, specifically at Sulaymaniya, there are extensive celebrations connected with naming. The name itself is usually selected by the parents, who can defer its choice to the grandparents. It was also said that a name was occasionally obtained by drawing one of a number of written slips from a bag, or that it appeared to one of the parents in a dream. 553 852 [539]

The Kurds do not use family names, but occasionally add appellations which further identify the person in question. The proper names are in part derived from Arabic, among them the numerous "slaves" of God, for example, 'Abd al-Rahman, "Slave of the Merciful," or simple ones such as Anwar or Fatima. Others, like Mustafa or Izzet, have a Turkish origin, and some are purely Kurdish or Persian. On analogy from the Arabs, the parents of a child may be designated after him. Thus, the mother and father of Nawzad might be termed Dak Nawzad and Baba Nawzad respectively. A person may also be identified by the name of his father, for example, Aziz Shakir, Aziz "the son of" Shakir. For additional characterization, a man may be 551

are unemployed, devoting their days to leisure. There [461] [556]
are no organized adult sports of any sort in the town. 517
Several of the young men who own rifles and shotguns do [224]
some hunting, and a great many love excursions into the
countryside, such as a picnic at the waterfall of Baykhal
behind the town. For everyday entertainment most men
prefer the physical inactivity of the guest-rooms, the
tea-shops, or the gardens. Tawli or backgammon and dama [524]
or checkers are played at great length, while shatranj,
chess, has almost disappeared, although it is still remembered
from Ottoman times. One thing universally regretted by the 538
townspeople is the disappearance of the wandering story-
tellers who, in consideration of a bounty, held forth in
the tea-shops or the guest-rooms of the chieftains, nor
have they been replaced, for the town boasts no cinema, [546]
radios are few in number, and newspapers or books are [207]
never regularly received. Some of the townsmen have a [204]
considerable repertoire of stories, many concerning such
comic figures as Abu Nuwas or Mulla Nasir al-Din, but it
is said that they cannot compare with the artistry dis-
played by the old professionals. A short story of Abu
Nuwas, as told in Rowanduz, will provide an example of the
type of anecdote:

> One day Abu Nuwas borrowed a small cooking vessel 539
> from his neighbor, and on the next, after hiding
> the original pot, returned one much larger and of
> greater value. "The pot is different," remarked
> the neighbor cautiously, puzzled by the change.
> "The pot gave birth," returned Abu Nuwas, "and I
> have returned its offspring." "Marvellous!" cried
> the neighbor, pleased with his gain, "I welcome the
> son of the pot." Thereafter Abu Nuwas borrowed each

day a larger pot from this neighbor, and each time returned one still larger. Finally, as had been his original intention, Abu Nuwas borrowed his neighbor's largest vessel, one of the greatest value because it was large enough to feed a company of soldiers. This he failed to return, keeping it with the intention of selling it. After several days, the neighbor called Abu Nuwas, and inquired greedily if the great vessel had given birth. "God remains," sighed Abu Nuwas piously, "the pot is dead." "What!" shouted the enraged neighbor, "How can a pot die?" Abu Nuwas placed his arm gently on the other's arm and said, "Think carefully what the judge will say to this after you have accepted the offspring of so many pots. How can a pot give birth?" 539

The elder women also tell the children folktales of various types, but it was not possible to record any of them in detail. The townsmen make little use of the nadi or "club" of the officials and officers, nor are they interested in alcoholic beverages or gambling. A few, while on a journey in Baghdad, Erbil, or Mosul, may be attracted by the cabarets or the houses of prostitution, but these occasions are rare and there are no such institutions in the town or the Rowanduz district. 538 517 [529] [484] [547] [548]

In masculine conversation, politics, both domestic and international, overshadow any other intellectual topic, and, as might be expected, are strongly coloured by Kurdish nationalism. It is unusual to find a group of Kurds discussing matters of philosophy, science, religion, or the like, and such things find a very small part in current interest. The Kurd, it might be said, is not particularly concerned whether the earth is round or flat, but will hold forth on contemporary affairs in the Middle East almost interminably. Kurdish nationalism, as noted at the outset, 521 [648] [668]

Sure 24, verses 30-31 of the Coran are usually considered to form the religious basis for the complete veiling practised by Muslim women, supplemented by the recommendation, contained in Sure 33, verse 59, that the wives and daughters of the Faithful put on an over-garment when leaving the house in order that they shall be recognised as honest women. Sure 24, verses 30-31 runs: ("Say to the believing men that they cast down their looks and guard their private parts; that is purer for them; surely *Allāh* is aware of what they do). And say to the believing women that they cast down their looks and guard their private parts and not display their ornaments except what appears thereof, and let them wear their headcoverings over their bosoms, and not display their ornaments except to their husbands, or their fathers, or the fathers of their husbands, or their sons, or the sons of their husbands, or their brothers, or their brothers' sons, or their sisters' sons, or their women, or those whom their right hands possess, or the male servants not having need (of women), or the children who have not attained knowledge of what is hidden of women; and let them not strike their feet so that what they hide of their ornaments may be known; and turn to *Allāh* all of you, O believers! so that you may be successful"[12].

It is maintained that the veiling of women was originally foreign to the Arabs and the prophet Muhammed[13], having been adopted by Islam after the prophet's death in 632 during the years of expansion in Syria and Mesopotamia. Here contact was made with the Hellenic-Byzantine empire where women led a secluded life, a custom preserved from ancient Greece. The veil was adopted as a mark of respectability as opposed to harlotry, and veiling was further extended, justifying this by reference to the two mentioned Sures of the Coran. By obtaining religious backing the veil and shawl or cowl, though varying somewhat in the different Islamic areas, became something quite different from any other clothing. It became a symbol of a religious idea and of a definite pattern of behaviour. By its anonymity, it gave women a liberty that no other dress could provide. It aroused a respect that can only be compared with that shown to a nun's habit. Unknown and unrecognisable, she in that dress represented something inviolate and protected. No man could demand to see the face hidden by the veil. Unseen, she was not only herself but also represented half the community, and in virtue of this she could demand consideration and the maintenance of certain privileges. She herself was able to see the one to whom she was speaking, but the reverse was not the case. Woodsmall[14] quotes various statements made by women who had been accustomed to wear, or still wore, the veil. An Islamic woman from Alexandria says: "A veil ... presents strange paradoxes. It is a restrictive emphasis on sex relationship, and also on moral protection; a sign of utter dependence and also of freedom from responsibility; a handicap to real progress and a symbol of special privilege. In a word the veil represents an entirely different social system. Discarding it, therefore, involves a whole change of psychology impossible for a Western woman to understand ... so entirely foreign to you and so much a part of us ...".

Over-garment and veil were in use in all four feminine environments in Southern Kurdistan, but to very different extents. The women of the village aristocracy did not wear them in daily life, but only when visiting a town (see p. 76). They then wore them from the moment of leaving home until they returned. For the women it was thus a sign that they were leaving a village milieu to enter an urban environment. The same applied to women of the humble village milieu. Many times in the *sūq* at Sulaimani I have been addressed by closely-veiled women, who, when they raised the veil, proved to

4: Wilson G-3 (no date) 1937 MHI Iraq MHI
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I K 438 439 173 782 539

now a flourishing market for the surrounding country and for trade with Turkey. It has one feature of great interest: an ancient bridge of Roman design, known locally as "Alexander's bridge," though unlikely to be in any way connected with the great conqueror. Tradition at Zakho has, however, another tale of the construction of the bridge. It is said to have been built by a celebrated local governor, who found that the keystone would not remain in place. He summoned a soothsayer, who proclaimed that it would never stand until a life had been built into the arch. The governor accepted the verdict and with his councillors, who were sworn to secrecy, decided that the first living thing to follow them on to the bridge the next morning would provide the necessary victim. They waited for some hours, but no one came. Then the governor's little daughter wondered why her father was so long away and taking her pet dog she set off to look for him. Her father was at first terrified when he saw her coming, but was relieved when he noticed that her dog was running in front of her. Alas, she thought it unfitting for the dog to approach her father before she did and so she called it and stepped on to the bridge. Public opinion compelled the governor to carry out the sacrifice and the girl was built into the centre of the arch and the keystone held and has gone on holding for hundreds of years.

I K 653 185

The development of Kurdistan has naturally not been popular with all the Kurds, and I remember an interesting incident. During the construction of the Amadia road, an elderly Agha stood for a while sadly watching the blasting of a pulpit of overhanging rock. When echoes of the explosion had died and the last fragments of stone had fallen into the rocky gorge below, he turned sorrowfully away. "The old days, the old days," he lamented. "Many is the time I lay behind that rock with my rifle and held up caravans for safe-conduct money."

I K 721 361

The town of Amadia, which, like Edinburgh Castle, is situated on a rocky plateau at a height of 4,100 feet, sixteen feet higher than Cairn Gorm, is now easily accessible by road. The town was formerly ruled by semi-independent Pashas who admitted a nominal suzerainty to the Turkish authorities. It has a stormy history, and the minaret of the mosque is pitted with bullet holes. These are souvenirs of 1925, when the Barzan Kurds, in alliance with some of the descendants of the old rulers of Amadia, attacked the town and succeeded in surrounding the Mosuli qaimaqam and a handful of police in the Government serai. The stout-hearted garrison held out until they were rescued by a body